

American Junior Red Cross NEWS



November 1947



Frost Work

THERE'S frost work on the window pane
And lace work in the trees;
The squirrels in their silver furs
Are busier than bees.

Awhile ago the leaves were red
As bonfires on a hill,
But now they've turned to chocolate brown
And all lie crisp and still.

The puddles where we used to wade
Are now all roofed with glass;
The leaves have fallen on our path
And crackle as we pass.

The clouds of pearl are far away
Against a leaden sky;
The air is light and fresh and sharp,
The dome is gray and high.

It was a day, perhaps, like this
(Though history doesn't say)
When Pilgrims looked about and planned
The first Thanksgiving Day!

Nona Keen Duffy

Illustrated by Jo Fisher

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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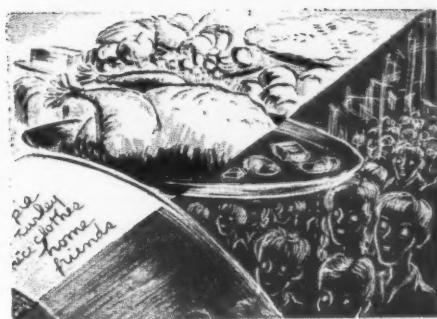
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Thanksgiving Day

What Do You Think About—

when November comes? Thanksgiving Day, of course.

and when Thanksgiving Day comes? Yes, good things to eat, turkey and cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie, and happy times with your family.

when you look at the picture at the top of this column? Children in many lands won't be able to have a Thanksgiving dinner like yours, because they live in war-devastated countries where food is still scarce.

You have many things to be thankful for, haven't you, not only on Thanksgiving Day, but on every day in the year? You might try playing a new game. Let's call it a "thankful" game. Take a piece of paper and write down all the things you can think of for which you are thankful. You will be surprised how long your list will grow. The prize for the longest list will be the warm, happy feeling you will have when you write down your last "thankful."

In This Issue

You will find much about Thanksgiving in this issue of the News.

Janice Holland has made a special Thanksgiving cover for you.

On the back cover are pictures of some of your overseas friends, all saying *Thank You* in their own languages for gifts you have sent them. Isn't it fun to see how *Thank You* looks in other languages? And aren't you especially thankful that, as members of the American Junior Red Cross, you have made so many other boys and girls happy?

We hope you like the story of "Big Girl Now," and the pictures which tell you how the Braille copies of your magazines are made for boys and girls who are blind.

—Lois S. Johnson, editor.



Big Girl Now

BEATRICE VIVIAN CASEY

Illustrations by
Ann Eshner Jaffe

Why was Mom sending Sutie away from home to a strange school? Sutie didn't want to go at all—until Mom told her the real reason. You'll want to know why, too!

"That's December, Sutie. Hold tightly to it and remember that's when you are coming home."

Mom was nice. She was awful nice. Then why was she sending her little girl away? Why, after promising she never would?

It was all because of Miss Davis and Annette! Sutie scowled. She used to like them, but now she wished they never had come to her home.

And all the while Mom was tying her ribbon, talking fast in the cheerful tone she always used when she was trying to keep Sutie happy, speaking of her gold hair and blue eyes and the ribbon that made her look like Alice in Wonderland, Sutie was thinking of Miss Davis and Annette. She remembered their first visit. . . .

"I'm the Home Teacher from the School for the Blind at Manzanita," Miss Davis had told Mom at the door. "And this is my niece, Annette."

"I'm eight years old," chirped Annette in a voice bright as a cricket's. "I live at Manzanita and I'm in the third grade at public school. But vacation time I like to visit the blind children whenever my aunt will let me."

Sutie heard every word because she was sitting at the piano in the living room. Usually she hid in the kitchen when company came, but she couldn't now, for without Mom to lead her, she'd fall on that step in the hallway. So

THE LITTLE TRUNK in Sutie's bedroom was packed and ready to go. Mom had pasted a label on its top: Sutie Amberly, School for the Blind, Manzanita, California.

Sutie was almost ready, too. In her best checkered dress she sat stiffly on the bed where Mom had perched her. Though she heard the clop of the brush, then its swish, as Mom brushed her curls, actually she was listening for the 7:30 train whistle. Always it had said: "Bedtime, Sutie!" But tonight it would command her to get on the train and go far from Mom and Dad!

"You're not crying, are you?" Mom asked.

Sutie shook her head, no.

"You're a big girl, and big girls don't cry. Sutie, you're eight years old! And don't forget that you can come home for Christmas!"

Mom took her hand and tapped the thumb. "That's August," she said. "And here are September, October, and November—" she tapped each finger down to the little one.

she had to stay. And she was frightened. Meeting sighted children troubled her. They spoke of puzzling things like skipping and jump rope, and of school and parties and class plays. And they pitied her because she was blind.

She was wishing Miss Davis would take Annette away, when suddenly she heard an odd humming under the piano stool.

"That's my top!" laughed Annette. And the next thing Sutie knew, the hard, cold round thing was thrust into her hands. She felt its fat peg on one end and its sharp point on the other. She became so interested in making a picture of it in her mind, she forgot to be afraid. She surprised herself by asking Annette to make it hum again.

Sutie listened carefully. Yes, there was music in that hum. Her fingers went to the keys. "Why are you humming, little top?"—the words seemed to come with the tune. Softly she sang:

Why are you humming, little top,
As you whirl around?
Just because you are so happy
Spinning on the ground!
Um-um-um. . . . Spinning on the ground.

Before she had finished, Annette was singing with her. It was fun! She was beginning to wish Annette lived next door so they could sing together often.

Then she heard Mom say, "Sutie is a lonely little girl. It is impossible for her to play with the neighborhood children. I don't know what she would do without music. Half her time she listens to phonograph records, and the other half, she plays the piano."

The next time Miss Davis came, she and

Annette brought Sutie a book of records. And they gave her another present, too. "A slate and stylus," Miss Davis said. "Annette can show you a game to play with them."

The game was to build houses on the slate—or Braille Street, Annette called it. The houses were made by punching dots with the stylus into a paper put between the two covers of the metal slate. Then each house received a name like A, B, and C.

"Pretty soon you'll be able to punch all the dots by yourself, Sutie. And by that time you'll know the whole alphabet, and you can write letters to me!" exclaimed Annette.

"Then you'll be writing Braille," declared Miss Davis.

So Sutie learned to write. And she learned to read, too—with her fingers tracing the raised dots—from the big Braille books Miss Davis brought her.

It was wonderful having Annette to write to, and having Miss Davis coming with the letters and books. Mom was as happy as Sutie except that it bothered her, too, whenever Miss Davis would say, "It's time to send Sutie away to the school."

"No!" Mom always would answer. "No!" But yesterday Mom must have said yes.

Yesterday Mom and Miss Davis had talked while Sutie was playing the piano. When Sutie paused, she heard Miss Davis say, "That child should have the best there is in music lessons. She could get them at the school. The fall term begins Monday and Sutie could leave with me on the 7:30 train tomorrow."

Then she put a letter from Annette into Sutie's hands.

Sutie spread the sheet flat on her lap and read it aloud: "Dear Sutie: Last week our class visited the third graders at the school for the blind. If you had been there you could have played with us at recess. The blind children can skip and jump rope as well as we can——"

Sutie wished Annette lived next door so they could play and sing together often. It was fun!



"You see, Mrs. Amberly, the children are happy there," interrupted Miss Davis. "They learn to handle themselves. That's what they need instead of being led around by their mothers! If you don't want Sutie to grow up in helplessness, let her go to school with me!"

Sutie waited for Mom to say "No!" But Mom didn't say anything. Last night, though, she must have talked with Dad because this morning he got out Sutie's trunk, and Mom began to pack it. . . .

Soon Dad would come from work and drive her to the station. Dad was nice—awful nice—like Mom. He could sing cowboy songs and gallop her around the house on his back. Sutie would miss Dad terribly.

AND NOW Mom said, "You're all dressed, Sutie. Now let's go and cook your supper." She led her to the kitchen and set her in a chair by the table to wait for Dad.

Sutie's gray kitten sprang to her lap as he always did. Sutie wondered if there would be a kitten at school. But then she remembered what happened to Mary's little lamb—how the teacher put him out—and she decided there would not be any pets.

As she stroked the kitten's silky coat, Sutie listened for every sound her mother made. She heard Mom getting milk from the cooler, and she heard her break two eggs into a pan of hot water to coddle them. She smelled the toast when it began to brown. She even could hear when Mom unscrewed the cap from a jar of peaches.

"Supper is ready!" Mom pulled Sutie's chair closer to the table and put the fork in her hand. Sutie tried to eat but her throat just wouldn't swallow.

"You'd better eat, Sutie. You won't have another chance until—" suddenly Mom's voice stopped—like when you turn the faucet against a stream of water. When it came again, it was only a little leak, slow and kind of sad. "You won't have another chance until you reach school in the morning."

"SCHOOL IN THE MORNING! I'll be far away from Mom and Dad and this kitchen and kitty and—" Sutie's tears broke through at last.

After a minute Mom spoke. But the voice didn't sound like hers at all. It wasn't the fast, cheerful one, or the one that was sad. "Get up from that table and go into the living room!" the strange voice ordered.

Mom knew Sutie couldn't go from the kitchen down that big step in the hallway, all

by herself. But now she was saying harshly, "Do what you're told!"

So Sutie got up, and putting her hands before her, she felt her way across the kitchen until she came to the step. She sat down in the doorway and felt for the step with her feet. Then she stood up.

"Now," she whispered, "step down." But she missed her footing and bang, she fell—flat on her stomach.

Then Mom came running. She carried Sutie in the living room and sat with her in the rocker.

"Why did you let me hurt myself, Mom?" asked Sutie.



Sutie put her hands before her and felt her way across the kitchen until she came to the big step.

Mom answered tenderly, "Because it was the only way I could make you understand why I'm sending you away to the school. NOW you know how it would be if you didn't have me, always, to lead you around. NOW you know how it would be if I let you grow up never

learning to handle yourself. Miss Davis told me many times, but it took Annette's last letter to make me understand."

While Sutie was remembering Annette's last letter—about the blind children learning to skip and run and jump rope as well as the sighted ones—Mom rocked her quietly.

Then Mom explained some more—about music now. "At the school you'll have good teachers. Then, some day, when you're grown you can teach piano. Or maybe you'll play the organ in a church or have a radio program—"

Sutie was beginning to understand. Learning to run and skip like Annette would be wonderful; wonderful, too, some day to have a radio program. But to do these things she must leave home now. And that was just too hard. Big girl or not, her tears began flowing again.

"Sutie," Mom said gently, "I've told you that big girls don't cry. But *big girl* doesn't mean just growing taller or having another birthday or not crying when you fall. It means something bigger than that. It means doing whatever has to be done, the best you can, and doing it with a smile. When you learn to do that, you really are *big*."

Suddenly Mom stopped rocking. "Sutie! We can be big, can't we—both you and I!"

Before Sutie could answer, Dad came into the room, smiling, and said cheerfully, "Is my traveler ready to go?" And Mom asked, "Are you, Sutie?"

Sutie knew Mom didn't mean about her hat or trunk. Mom meant something bigger. She

meant, are you ready to do what must be done, the best you can?

Sutie felt both Mom and Dad tightened up waiting for her answer.

Everything seemed to be waiting. It was like the waiting after a storm, and you're hoping there won't be any more thunder.

She drew a long breath and thought hard

of Annette, and of the visits they could have together. She thought of the fun, when she had learned, like the other blind children, to play as well as those who can see.

Sutie took a tight hold of her little finger. It was the December finger—the you-can-come-home-for-Christmas one. Bending her head low she bit down on her trembling lip.

It took some time to get her face ready to look up, but, when she did, it showed no trace of tears.

Then the train whistle blew.

"That's a BIG GIRL NOW! BIG GIRL NOW!" it said.

Mom said it, too. And Dad. And Sutie's mind made her a lovely picture—one of herself being met at the station tomorrow by her own special friend, Annette.



Suddenly Mom stopped rocking. "Sutie! We can be big, can't we—both you and I!"

A CHILD'S GRACE

Thank you for the world so sweet.
Thank you for the food we eat.
Thank you for the birds that sing.
Thank you, God, for everything.



▲ Pupils in Mississippi School for Blind, Jackson, read the Junior Red Cross "News" in Braille.

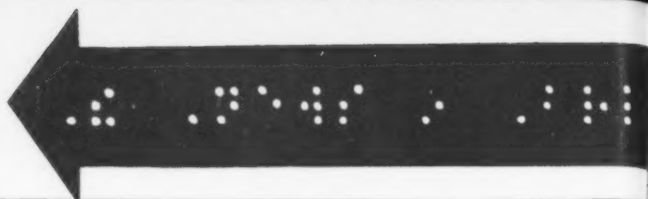


▲ First step in making Braille is to punch holes in special type paper to make raised dots.



▲ Second, Braille dots are checked by worker.

▼ Third, dots are processed by filling holes on back of page with mixture of glue and plaster.



The NEWS in Braille

YOU WILL see from the pictures on these pages just how Brailled copies of the Junior Red Cross magazines are made for schools for the blind by a group of volunteer Red Cross workers.

If your copy of the *News* came to you without any printed stories, without any pictures, only rows and rows of raised dots across every page, you would wonder what had happened. Your eyes could not tell you what the dots mean, although they really do form words.

But, if you were without sight, you would welcome your magazine with the raised dots.

Your sensitive fingers would soon be moving across each line of dots. You would then be reading your stories, not with your eyes, but with your finger-tips, for you would be reading "Braille."

The making of the Braille copies of selections from the *News* and *Journal* requires careful handwork. Someone has to punch the holes to make the raised dots. Someone else has to "proofread" the pattern of dots to see that there are no mistakes. Then those sheets of dots must be filled and shellacked so they will make an impression when the "printing" is done.

Special paper is used for printing, but before being used, this paper is given a water bath until it is soft and damp. The "printing" means that the master copy of dots is pressed into the softened paper, so the dots will be raised for easy reading by the fingers of the blind boys and girls.

After the printing is finished, the pages are bound inside beautiful covers having raised designs in keeping with the seasons. These are made by Junior Red Cross members.

The completed copies are mailed to reach the schools for the blind about the same time as you receive your own maga-

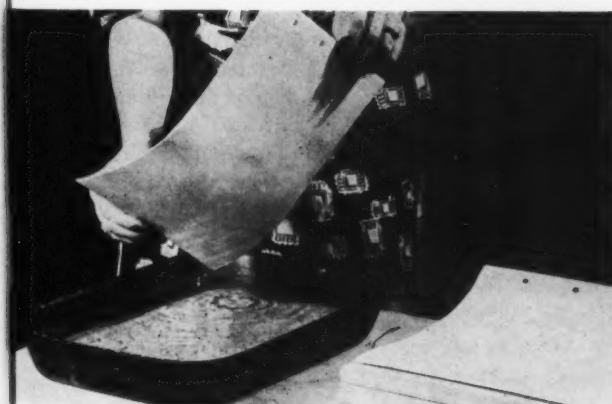
zines; 93 copies are mailed to schools in the United States, Hawaii, and the Philippines.

All the work of making the Brailled copies is done by a group of Red Cross workers in Washington, D. C. They give many long hours, for which they receive no pay. The cost of the materials is met from our National Children's Fund. Since our government requires no postage on material sent to the blind, there are no mailing costs.

For their cooperation in presenting this article, we wish to thank the following American Red Cross volunteer workers: Miss Esther Behrend, Mrs. Richard Bonwit, Mrs. Bernice Christy Brown, Mrs. Eugene Elgin, Mrs. Harry Ostermayer, Mrs. George H. Priest, Mrs. Elsie S. Rosenberg, Mrs. Bert Sarazen, and Mrs. T. J. Weir, all from Washington, D. C.—*The Editor*.



▲ Fourth, Braille transcription is shellacked on both sides of page. After drying it becomes a matrix, or master plate, from which transcriptions are printed for blind schools.



▲ Fifth, special transcription paper is put through a water bath in order to process and soften before being ready for use in printing.



▲ Sixth, after water bath, Braille transcription paper is covered with heavy materials and allowed to stand to insure even absorption of moisture before printing is done from matrix.



▲ Seventh, printing on Braille press is done by laying moist paper on matrix, covering with rubber blanket, then placing it between two metal plates, and putting it through the press.

▼ Eighth, worker finishes Braille copies by binding and tying pages between attractive covers made by Junior Red Cross sighted members.



Pedro and Popo

CATHERINE BLANTON

Illustrations by Fritz Eichenberg

Part II

HOURS LATER, when the doctor left the house of the priest, the *Señora* Alvarez came out to speak to the anxious villagers of San Juan.

She shook her head gravely. "He's resting easily now. But the doctor says he must have an operation before he can ever be well again."

"But the *padre* would have to go to Mexico City for an operation," said one of the women.

"And that takes many pesos," remarked one old man, leaning heavily upon a stick. "Where would the good *padre* get so much?"

"*Sí, sí,*" the men replied. "He always gives everything away."

All day long Pedro sat in the corner of the patio thinking of his dear friend. For once he didn't feel like drawing. He kept wishing he were now a great *matador*, and then he would have lots of money to give to the *padre*. But instead he had nothing.

It was the following day, while leading Popo out to pasture, that the idea came to him. He looked at his pet bull and his eyes suddenly filled with tears. However, he turned and ran toward his house.

"*Mamá, Mamá!*" he called, "I know how we can get the money for the *padre*."

"How?" she asked, still stooping over a pot of soup she was making to carry to the priest.

"I—," he swallowed hard, then went on, "I could sell Popo."

Señora Alvarez turned about and stared at her son. "Would you do that, Pedro?"

Pedro looked at his mother steadily. "Yes, for my good friend, the *padre*," he said.

His mother left her work to come and kiss him. "You are a good boy, Pedro," she said tenderly. She straightened up and her voice was excited. "But there is no time to lose. Hurry to the *hacienda* and ask the *señor* if he will help you find a buyer."

THE LONG sunny days passed slowly for Pedro after the priest left for the city and there was no longer a Popo to keep him company. Sitting in his favorite corner he tried to pass the time away by drawing. But soon his fingers dropped the pencil and his mind went wandering off. His mother comforted him by reminding him of how nice it would be to have the priest home again, strong and well.

Then word came of the priest's returning and immediately a *fiesta* was planned. The people dressed in their holiday clothes and tied ribbons and flowers on their pets. The houses were decorated with flowers and flags, and the church bell rang most of the day.

It was in the early evening, when the singing and dancing had begun in the *plaza*, that Pedro's uncle, Jose, made his appearance.

"It is Jose, the bullfighter!" the people cried. The news traveled fast and soon the crowd was shouting, "Bravo, Jose! Welcome to our *pueblo*! Welcome to San Juan!"

Jose swaggered to the center of the *plaza*, doffed his *sombrero*, and made a sweeping bow. "Thank you, *amigos*. It is good to be home again. My," said he, glancing about at the decorations of the *plaza* and the people in their *fiesta* clothes, "I didn't expect such a triumphant welcome. In fact, I didn't think

In Part I of this story in the October NEWS, you read how Pedro was given a strange pet—a bull named Popo. You also read how Pedro's friend, the priest, wanted him to be an artist, but Pedro wanted to be a bullfighter. Then one night Pedro's mother was called to help the priest who was ill.

Here are some Spanish words not given in Part I:

Amigos—Friends

Banderillas—Small darts used for baiting the bull

Banderilleros—Men who throw the darts

Buenos días, padre—Good morning, father

Fiesta—Festival

La Corrida—Bullfight

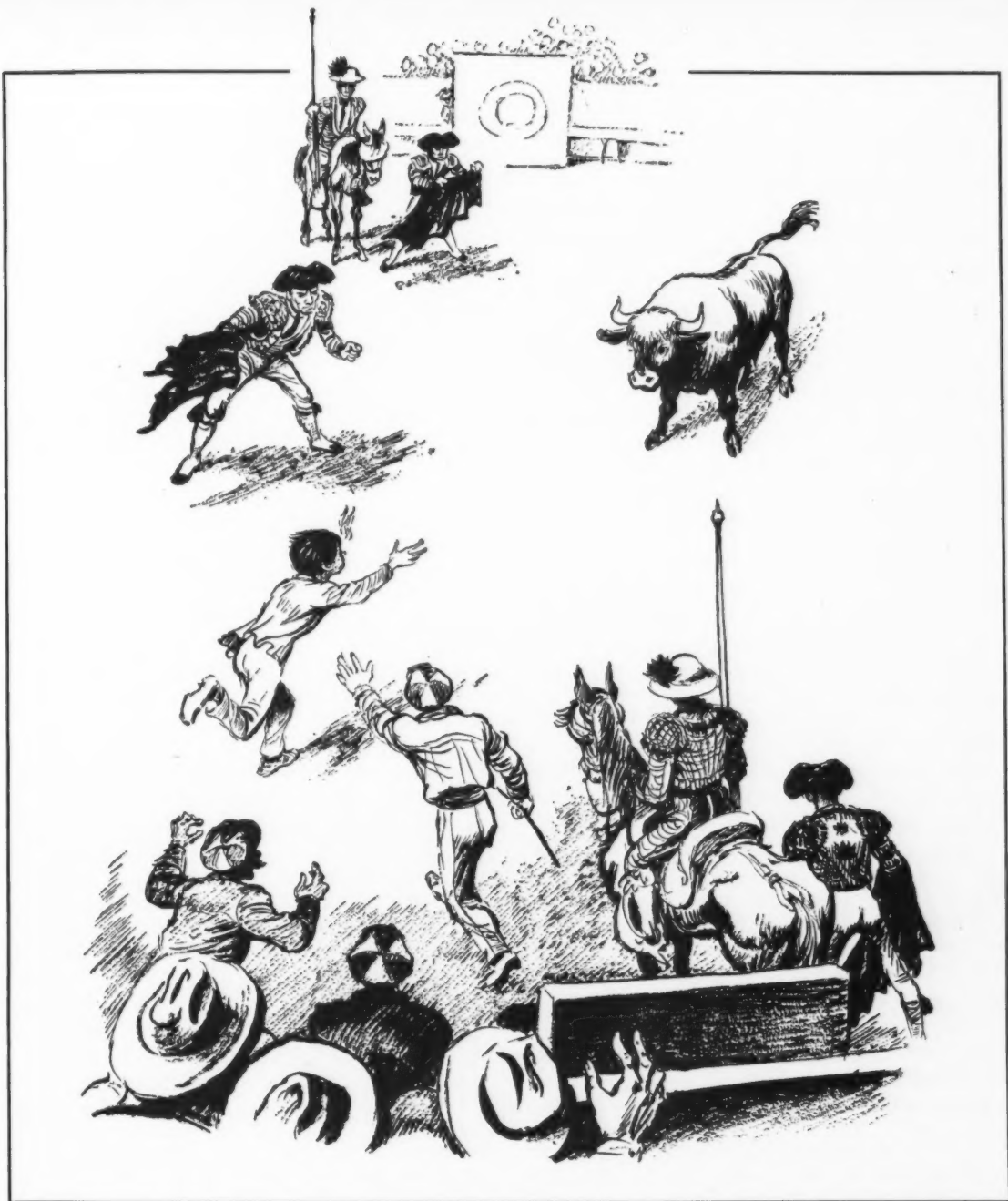
Pesos—Money

Picadores—Horsemen armed with goads in a bullfight

Plaza—Town square

Plaza de Toros—Bullring

Sombrero—Hat



Pedro ran straight into the ring toward the bull. "Stop him! He'll be killed!" the people cried.

you knew I was coming. But it is certainly appreciated, I assure you."

Everyone looked surprised at this mistaken idea, but no one had the courage to tell Jose the celebration was not intended for him, but for the village priest.

In the days that followed Pedro became the shadow of his Uncle Jose. He learned to walk with the same kind of proud swagger and his

voice, which had always been soft, was suddenly loud and boastful. And when his uncle said that drawing pictures was work for sissies, Pedro put away his paper and pencils and would bring them out no more.

The priest shook his head sadly when he heard about this. "You're being very foolish, my boy. God has given you this gift and you should develop it as far as possible. Through

it you could bring much happiness to the world."

But Pedro only shrugged his shoulders and grinned. "I shall, father, when I am a *matador*. For I shall be rich then."

Soon Uncle Jose left, but not until he had promised that someday he would send for Pedro to visit him in Mexico City.

Time went by and every day Pedro looked for some message from him. He grew tall and gangling and *Señora* Alvarez nodded her head wearily when she saw how the legs of his trousers climbed up on him.

"My boy," she said to her neighbor, "overnight he grows. It is impossible to keep him in clothes." She drew a long breath. "Sometimes I wish that Jose had never come to San Juan. Now all Pedro thinks about is becoming a bullfighter."

The neighbor laughed. "Yes, everyone in the *pueblo* calls him Pedro, the bullfighter." Then she added kindly, "But he's still only a boy. Perhaps he'll change his mind."

"I don't know, but I hope so. But he's fourteen, you know. My, how the time flies."

AFTER MONTHS of waiting the letter from Uncle Jose did arrive. It contained money and directions how Pedro was to come to Mexico City.

The hustle and bustle of the large city left him speechless. But Uncle Jose hadn't changed a bit. He still laughed a great deal and talked with a loud blustering voice and swaggered as proudly as ever.

One day a friend said, "But you say the boy has never seen a bullfight, Jose? Perhaps he will not care for *la corrida*."

"What?" cried Uncle Jose. "Did you ever see a boy in Mexico not like the bullfight?"

The friend rubbed his head solemnly. "Well, it is possible."

Then Uncle Jose's head went back and he laughed until everyone in the cafe turned and looked in their direction. "Not the nephew of the great Jose," he boasted.

When at last the day for the bullfight arrived, it was hard to tell which was the more excited, Pedro or his uncle. And all the city was equally as excited.

The *Plaza de Toros*, with its row upon row of seats rising one above the other, was well filled when Pedro, with some friends of Uncle Jose's, arrived and found their places.

People greeted one another gaily and talked about their favorite *matador*.

Suddenly the music stopped. The flags

seemed to stand still. Laughter ceased and everyone leaned forward eagerly.

The trumpets gave a loud blast.

"That's the signal for the bull," said Pedro's neighbor. "Watch the red door."

Pedro sat on the edge of his seat. His eyes, big and round, tried to see everything at once. How fine and strong the bull looked. Just like the ones grazing on the green fields of the *hacienda*.

Then the *picadores* rode in on their horses. Running at the bull they jabbed him with their long pointed spears. In surprise he turned and charged this enemy. But their long pics could reach him before his short horns had a chance to do any damage.

Next the *banderilleros* faced the bull. In their hands they carried short pointed sticks covered with waving tissue paper of yellow, orange, blue, green, and pink. The *banderillas* stuck fast in the bull's shoulder.

Pedro stamped his foot and cried out angrily, "No, no, you mustn't do that. You are hurting him." But people were too interested in what was happening in the ring to pay any attention to a boy.

When the *matador* took over, the people cheered. His cape was bright red and he waved it gracefully in swirls and figures around himself and the bull.

Pedro watched in fascination. Sometimes he was afraid the *matador* would become entangled in the red cloth. But always, just in the nick of time, he managed to escape.

Then Pedro saw the *matador* lift his sword. Pedro closed his eyes and tried to sit back as far in his seat as he could. When his eyes opened, the bull was lying on the ground and the crowd was shouting, "Bravo! Bravo! *Manolo* is a fine *matador*!"

When the second bull entered the ring, Pedro again closed his eyes and never opened them until the crowd was shouting and his neighbor said, "You may open your eyes now. It's all over." Then he began smiling. "How do you expect to enjoy the bullfight if you keep your eyes closed?"

Pedro tried to return the smile. "I—I'll try to keep them open next time. I——" He didn't finish, for just then Uncle Jose and his men entered the ring and took their positions. There was a heavy silence. Every eye was fastened on the red gate.

Pedro tried to swallow the lump that kept rising in his throat and overcome the desire to close his eyes. He didn't want Uncle Jose to hurt a bull as those other men had done.

The door opened. A big red bull with a snow white patch on the top of his head pranced in, lifting his head and looking about.

Pedro gasped, almost falling head first from his seat. "Popo! Popo!" he whispered hoarsely. Then tumbling, scrambling, and fighting, he clambered over the heads and backs of people in a mad rush to get to the nearest exit and the entrance to the ring.

Men came running. But no one could catch Pedro's fast legs.

"Look, he's going into the ring," the people shouted.

"He's mad! The bull will kill him!"

But Pedro waited for nothing. Straight across the white sand of the ring he ran, calling, "Popo! Popo!"

The bull lifted his great head and took one look, then trotted in the direction of the boy.

Pedro threw his arms about the heavy neck. "My little *toro*. My Popo, I've found you again."

The people sitting in the *plaza* roared with laughter. "Bravo! for the new bullfighter. He wins by loving the bull. Can you do as well, Jose?"

Uncle Jose turned a deep purple. He grabbed Pedro by one ear and started for the nearest

entranceway. But Pedro held tight to the neck of Popo, who followed meekly just as he used to do at San Juan.

Away from the laughing eyes of the crowd, Uncle Jose demanded to know the meaning of Pedro's action.

"Don't you understand?" Pedro said. "This is the little *toro* the *señor* gave me. I—I had to sell him when the *padre* got sick."

He swallowed and tears came to his eyes. "I—I couldn't let them hurt my Popo the way they did those other—" There was no stopping the tears. "I want to go home and take Popo with me," he choked.

Uncle Jose looked disgusted. "But I thought you wanted to be a *matador*?"

Pedro shook his head furiously. "No, no! I don't ever want to do that. I wouldn't want to make a bull angry and then k-kill him. I'd rather see them running and playing at the *hacienda*."

He paused, then went on thoughtfully, "Perhaps, after all, the *padre* is right. I can be happier and make others happier with my pictures. Please, Uncle," he said, "may Popo and I go home soon to San Juan?"

For a long moment Uncle Jose didn't speak; then suddenly he smiled and laid a hand on Pedro's shoulder. "Of course you may. We'll see about renting a truck right away."

Uncle Jose grabbed Pedro by one ear and started for the gate.



MANY HOURS LATER, when Pedro and Popo arrived in San Juan in the big truck which Uncle Jose got to take them back, it was only a few minutes until everyone in the *pueblo* knew what had happened.

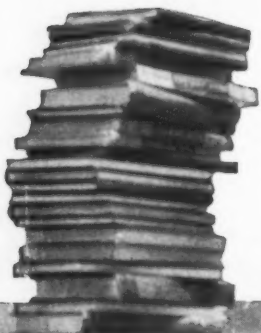
Pedro, looking up, saw the old priest trudging down the hill. He ran to meet him, crying, "*Buenos días, padre!* I've come home!"

"So I heard," said the priest. "And did you want to come back?"

"Oh, yes, *padre*," exclaimed Pedro. "I don't want to be a bullfighter now. I'd rather be a painter and have a nice field for Popo—and another field of corn to help feed hungry boys and girls. Will Mexico be proud of me then?"

The priest held Pedro's hand tightly. "Yes, my son. I'm sure we all will be."

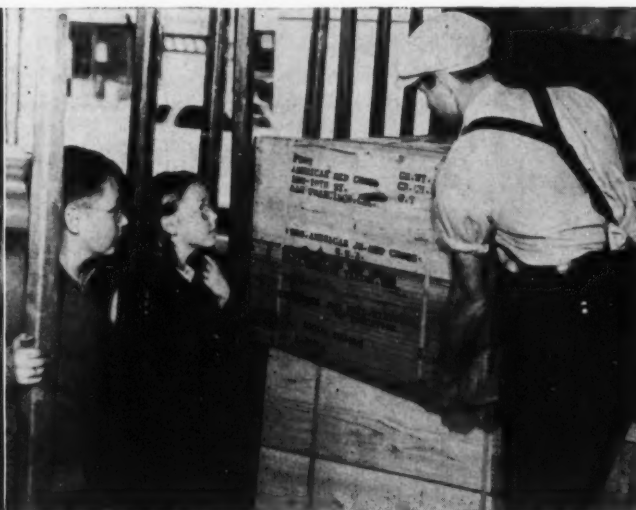
Pedro gave a tired, happy sigh. "I'm glad Popo and I've come home!"



BOOKS for the PHILIPPINES

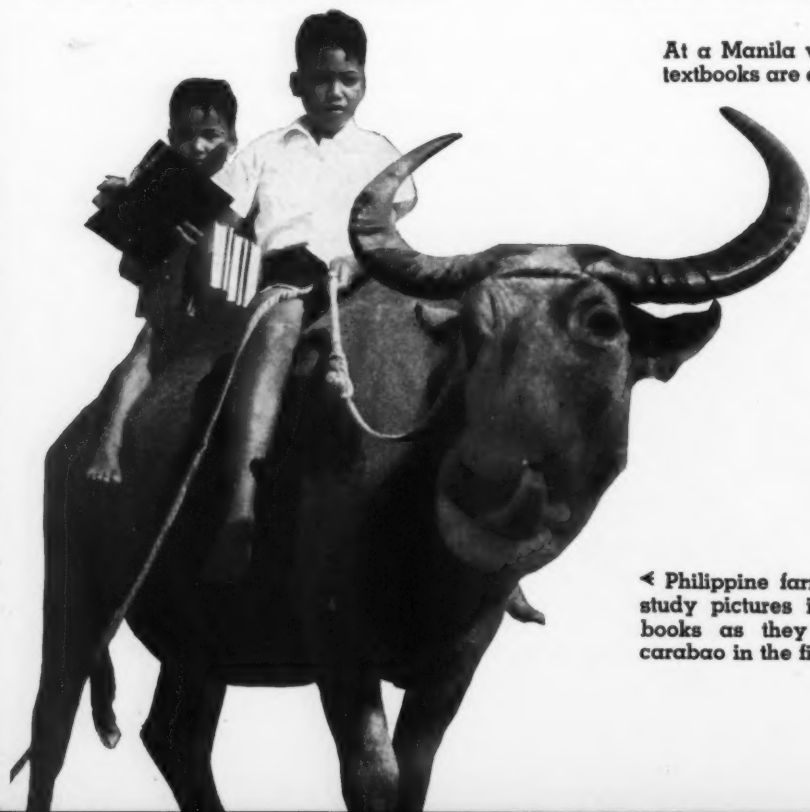


▲ Children in Los Angeles stop to read one of the books which were donated by the school districts of California.



▲ Junior Red Cross members, St. Joseph's School, San Francisco, watch as trucks are loaded with books for the Philippines.

At a Manila warehouse, cases of textbooks are eagerly unpacked. ➤



◀ Philippine farm boys of Cavite study pictures in American textbooks as they ride the family carabao in the fields.



350,000 textbooks were shipped to schools in the Philippines by schools in California through American Junior Red Cross to replace books destroyed by war.



▲ Children from the Taytay School near Manila greet the arrival of textbooks from America. Their schoolhouse was almost completely destroyed. Only a few remaining pillars serve as walls.

▼ A teacher in Manila talks to her class about the books and about their friends in America.



EGYPT—land of the

C THESE DAYS gift boxes from the American Junior Red Cross usually go to war-wasted lands to relieve the shortage of school supplies. Occasionally, however, some are sent with another purpose in mind, such as encouraging a newly formed Junior Red Cross or Junior Red Crescent. Such was the case in 1945 when, having heard that the Junior Red Crescent was forming in Egypt, the American Junior Red Cross sent a shipment to their headquarters in Cairo.

Many stories were told of the distribution of boxes in different cities, and how even the children of the Royal Family were enchanted by the gifts which they found in the boxes allotted to them—especially the yo-yos which they had not seen before.

From the city of Alexandria came this message:

WE, THE YOUTH of the Egyptian Red Crescent, would like to thank you very much for the lovely parcels you sent us. We would also like you to convey our thanks to the pupils of the different schools in America for thinking of us. We haven't done half as much as they, but seeing that they set the example we want to show we can do the same.

We would all like to correspond with you in America and get to know you a little better. We in Egypt think a lot of you and we hope to send a few tokens from our country to show our gratitude.

Ancient Egypt



And so last spring mysterious packing cases arrived from the Egyptian Junior Red Crescent headquarters. They contained gift boxes patterned after ours, including silver jewelry and trinkets, carved ivory, and other beautiful examples of their art, all sent as a "gesture of friendship and appreciation of the lovely boxes we received from the American Junior Red Cross."

The gift boxes also

awakened an interest in school correspondence, and the American Junior Red Cross received beautiful albums describing school life in Egypt, and the development of the Junior Red Crescent.



JRC members, Greensboro, North Carolina, open a gift box from the Egyptian Junior Red Crescent.

A group in the American College for Girls in Gharma near Cairo, wrote:

THE JUNIOR Red Crescent is one of the most active organizations in our school. Knitting, sewing, and making toys are among our activities.

This year most of the members are taking a first-aid course. After passing the examination we expect to receive the Red Crescent certificates. Now we are also working very hard in preparing a bazaar. The money collected will help in building more Red Crescent centers all over Egypt.

Another student, Enayat Helmy, wrote:

MY SCHOOL is called the Zeitoun Domestic Arts School. It is situated in a lovely and

pyramids

quiet suburb of Cairo. The school was founded in the year 1937. It consists of four buildings and is surrounded by a beautiful garden. There are 23 classes in the school.

After finishing the primary school, the girl



In Cairo a Junior Red Crescent member gives a gift box from America to a patient in the hospital.

who wants to continue her study, joins a secondary school, then the university; but if she wants to be a good wife she enters a school such as mine, where she can learn such domestic arts as child-welfare, sewing, cookery, drawing, music, gardening, and house-decoration. Besides these subjects she learns Arabic, history, geography, arithmetic, French, English, chemistry, psychology, and sociology.

The same writer then describes Egyptian weddings, which are quite different from ours:

THE BRIDE leaves her father's house, accompanied by the bridesmaids and some of her relatives. All are dressed in white or pink or blue. The bride wears a very expensive dress of white silk or satin, covered with artificial flowers.



The bridegroom awaits her at the entrance of his house, and helps her out of the motor-car or carriage. A band of musicians welcomes her arrival.

Inside the house, the bride is seated in a large chair surrounded with baskets and bunches of flowers. All the guests sit in half circles on both sides of the bride.

Linda Fahmy wrote of the classes in gardening:

Among the various subjects we have at our school is gardening. . . . In the chemistry lessons, the girls are taught how to extract perfumes from these flowers. In the cookery lessons, they learn how to preserve vegetables.

Child Welfare is the subject of Rasheda Bayumy's letter, and her description of this class sounds like fun:

As we are expected to be mothers one day, we are taught how to bring up a healthy baby. We learn how to give him his daily bath. We have a toy baby for this experience.

Next we learn how to knit and sew all his clothes, and how to dress him gently.

They show us how to feed him properly at regular hours, and we try to cook his food during the cookery lessons.

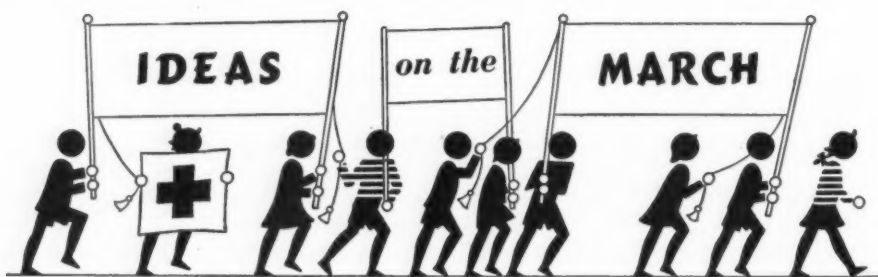
We are taught most of the rules dealing with the child psychology.

Modern Egypt

We recently read that the Egyptian Junior Red Crescent has sent a large consignment of soap, tooth paste, sweets, and sewing material to the Junior Red Cross in Rumania, showing that their membership is a busy one, extending its activities generously as it grows. The American Junior Red Cross will follow its progress with great interest.—

Alice Ingersoll Thornton.





LET'S GO!

PERHAPS the writer of the song, "Happy Days Are Here Again," was thinking of November when he wrote those words. For this is one of the most exciting months of the year. It gives Junior Red Cross members one of the first holidays of the new school term and the opportunity to make that day festive and gay.

BICYCLE CORPS

BICYCLING is part of the fun at this season. A party of riders will face the brisk November winds with a laugh as they search for symbols of the Thanksgiving season. Their reward will be queer-shaped gourds, ears of corn, nuts, pine cones, and gay-colored leaves for decorations.

The real thrill of biking comes when Junior Red Cross members are privileged to fasten a Bicycle Safety Tag to their handle bars, as the boys and girls are doing in Richmond, Indiana. This is a project of the Wayne County Council of Junior Red Cross.

But you must do your part in Wayne County in order to earn a Bicycle Safety Tag. You must observe the "Ten Helpful Hints" on the back of the tag (see list on this page).

If you follow these hints, you will be a safe rider and a good citizen.

THANKSGIVING FAVORS



NOW THAT the great holiday is coming close, are you thinking up ideas for tray favors? Are you planning to

make tray mats, place cards, and small gay wallposters that will add to the festivity for those who need cheer?

Why not talk this over with your Junior Red Cross sponsor? She will know of local institutions in which holiday favors would be greatly appreciated.

TEN HELPFUL HINTS FOR BICYCLERS



- [1] Obey all traffic lights and stop signs.
- [2] Give hand signals when turning or stopping.
- [3] DO NOT carry an EXTRA passenger.
- [4] Ride on extreme RIGHT side of street.
- [5] Never "hitch" to any moving vehicle.
- [6] Do not ride more than two abreast.
- [7] Dismount and walk bike when passing busy intersections.
- [8] Equip your bike with headlight and rear reflector if you ride at night.
- [9] STOP when coming out of an alley or driveway before entering traffic.
- [10] Keep your bike in good repair, especially brakes, lights, and bell.

Wayne County Council
Junior Red Cross
Richmond, Indiana

PINE-CONE TURKEY

HAVE YOU ever made a pine-cone turkey? Junior Red Cross members of Welker County Chapter, Jasper, Alabama, made pine-cone turkeys as tray favors for veterans in hospitals at Thanksgiving time.

To make a pine-cone turkey, you need only clay and paints. First you roll a thin piece of clay in the shape of a horseshoe and flatten it out a little so that it makes the base for your cone. Then study a picture of a turkey's head and make one out of the clay. The sharp cone

needles will hold the head in place.

Choose rich colors for the body and paint the head and neck red. When the paint is dry give your turkey an all-over coat of shellac.

RING THE TURKEY

RING THE TURKEY is a game that everyone enjoys. Draw a large turkey, about 4 feet by 6 feet, on cardboard. Paint the turkey in bright colors. Then distribute five numbers evenly over the turkey and paint them white or black so they can be seen from a distance. Drive a long nail into the cardboard close to each number. Drive the nails so that when the rings are tossed they will remain on the

nails. You can use rubber rings from your mother's Mason jars.

If you prefer, you can make the turkey of plywood and give it a coat of varnish so that the colors will not fade. Or you can use brown wrapping paper, mounted on a large board, and color the paper with crayons.



FALL FASHIONS IN CORRESPONDENCE

Do you know that the letter-booklets, which served such a useful purpose during the war, are no longer in style? Fashions in school correspondence can change just as they do in clothes!

During the war the small booklets were used to save paper as well as shipping space. But now that the war is over, the channels for communication are open between our country and many foreign countries, and we are able to send albums of the regulation size once more (see ARC 621, *School Correspondence*).

Be sure to make your albums as colorful

and interesting as you can, with art work of your own creating. Choose the subjects of your letters with care. Remember that titles should be given to all the pictures so that your readers will understand exactly what you mean.

If you will mix into all these suggestions a friendly, neighborly spirit and stir with Junior Red Cross energy, you will have a wonderful recipe for a successful school correspondence album!

Through intersectional correspondence, Junior Red Cross members can become acquainted with our own country and its people.

BOOKS FOR PHILIPPINE SCHOOLS

On pages 14 and 15 of this issue of the NEWS, you will see pictures of books donated by the school districts of California, through the American Junior Red Cross, for shipment to schools in the Philippines.

Through the cooperation of Mr. Roy E. Simpson, state superintendent of public instruction in California, the books were completely shipped by June 1947, and were received in the Philippines in ample time for the opening of their schools this fall. Mr. Simpson wrote every school in his state, endorsing the project. As a result, 350,000 textbooks were collected. Your National Children's Fund paid all expenses of export packing and shipping.



PHOTO BY DON BERG

THEY MADE THEIR OWN LUNCHROOM

—Junior Red Cross members of a rural school in Hennepin County, Minnesota, made over their school's dingy, unused basement into a gay lunchroom. Besides painting the walls and making curtains for the windows, they hung posters on the walls which pictured good health habits.

Sounds good—Is good

MIX YOURSELF A SALAD

EVERYONE knows that in order to be strong and healthy, boys and girls must eat plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables. They're mighty good, too.

Have you tried eating a part of your daily

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Just for fun, try this puzzle and see how well you can place the correct names of the fruits or vegetables in the numbered boxes.

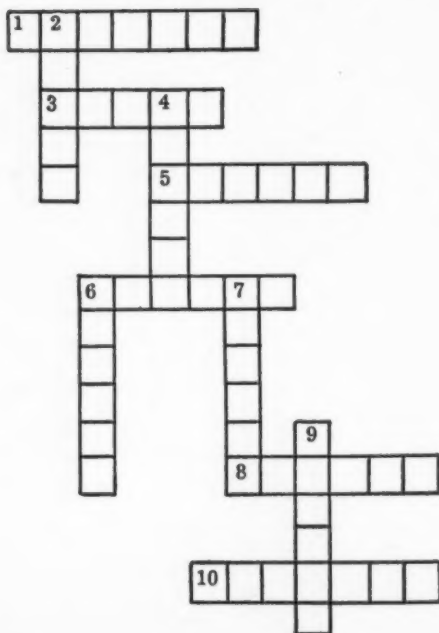
(Answers to the puzzle are on page 26.)

ACROSS

1. What cole slaw is made of.
3. A delicious fruit.
5. A sweet dried fruit.
6. Good for lots of pep.
8. This fruit keeps the gums healthy.
10. Popeye's favorite vegetable.

DOWN

2. Good for exercising the teeth and gums.
4. Pilots eat this so they can see at night.
6. A crisp, dark green vegetable.
7. This was once called the "love apple."
9. Keep this fruit out of the refrigerator.



quota of fruits and vegetables raw? Now don't turn up your noses. Mixed salads of raw vegetables are a grand way to get those all-important minerals and vitamins. And don't forget the delicious flavor of mixed fruit salad. Why not try one of these salads today?

WHERE AND WHEN

Did you ever wonder how we came to have certain fruits and vegetables on our tables? Some of our foods have interesting histories. Here are the stories of a few foods you eat almost every day.

The Orange is one of the oldest fruits known to man. In ancient times it was called "the golden apple of the Hesperides." It is supposed to have its original home in China. Columbus brought orange seeds to the New World.

Oranges are our best source of vitamin C. A medium-sized orange provides enough of this vitamin for our daily needs. Breakfast is a good time to eat an orange. You'll be sure to get your daily supply if you eat your orange then.

The Tomato—Once upon a time people called the tomato a "love apple." Until 25 years ago it was thought by some to be poisonous. Today nearly everyone knows and likes tomatoes. You may be surprised to know that the tomato is a fruit, not a vegetable. It is one of our most healthful foods because it gives so much of the valuable vitamin C that we need for healthy gums, teeth, and bones. We have to eat twice as much tomato as orange to get the same amount of vitamin C.

The Potato—Many people think the white or Irish potato came to us from Ireland. This is not true. It came first from South America, then to Ireland in the year 1585.

People also think potatoes are fattening. This also is untrue. One potato has no more calories (energy material) than a large apple or a single baking-powder biscuit. The potato furnishes several good vitamins, and it gives us quite a bit of the mineral, iron. Cook or bake potatoes in their skins to save their good vitamins and iron.

(The puzzle and the food histories used above were prepared by the Nutrition Service of the District of Columbia Chapter, American Red Cross.)



AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS
MAGAZINES TAKE OFF BY AIR
FOR FAR-AWAY PLACES!
See story on next page.



Tugboats and Other Poems

By FRANCES FROST

Tugboats

PUFFING and panting, steady and exact,
the tugs push prow against the liner, steering
the great ship into berth. The salty slack
is taken up; the lines are thrown; and veering

the tugs await the snub. She's in. They scurry
and head out toward the channel once again.
Into the choppy waves they hoot and hurry
with their harbor-wise and tidal-minded men.

Freight Cars

THEIR journey-names upon their colored sides,
the freight cars travel up and down the land.
To and fro across the continent
they roll and rumble, screech their brakes, and
stand

a little while on sidings, start again
toward plain and valley, city and quiet town.
From sea to sea, the freight cars climb the
mountains,
jostle their couplings, loudly rattle down.

Their names like brief poems on their colored
sides,
they speak of a wide free country, state by state,
and there is no sound braver in the night
than the long journey-cry of the western freight.

Air-Field

OUT OF the dark the silver plane comes in,
a great bird seeking the landing-field of light.
Gently it touches earth, and drifting down
the air-strip, comes to rest beneath the bright

beacon. Then delivered of its freight of
human hearts, it takes more hearts aboard,
turns slowly on the runway into wind,
its slender body throbbing fiercely toward

the high blue night. The gleaming proud wings
rise
lightly and find their steady course to hold
above dark hills and towns like scattered stars,
among a million stars like a scatter of gold.

Long-Distance Trucks

UP AND DOWN and across the land, the trucks
by day, by night, go roaring with their loads.
Their high backs bearing crimson lights, they
thunder
along the desert, up steep wooded roads,

over the mountain passes. Through green valleys,
past dune and swamp, across wheat-covered
plains,
the fearless trucks go pounding down the high-
ways
in fog and sunlight, snow and slanting rains.

Eagerly they color all the land.
Red, blue, or green, or yellow as the sun,
they pulse across America, and rest
only when each long hard haul is done.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS MAGAZINES TAKE OFF FOR FAR-AWAY PLACES

With the November issues of the American Junior Red Cross NEWS, our magazine for elementary schools, and the American Junior Red Cross Journal, our magazine for secondary schools, a new service is being put into effect, which will benefit our Junior Red Cross members in far-away places.

Copies of our magazines will be shipped each

month by air express to schools enrolled in Junior Red Cross in the Canal Zone, Guam, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, and Alaska. This means that the members in those places will receive their magazines at about the same time as the boys and girls in this country. In the picture-of-the-month, page 21, you will see the plane being loaded.

All Aboard!



▲ Let's get aboard the "Junior Red Cross Special" at Oakdale School, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

EACH YEAR Oakdale School, Grand Rapids, Michigan, puts on an assembly to get the Junior Red Cross enrollment drive, November 1-15, off to a good start. Last year the council built their assembly around a streamlined train—the *Junior Red Cross Special*.

"WHOO—WHOO!" shrilled the whistle of the *Special* on the day of the assembly. On the stage were a porter, conductor, and ticket agent.

"ALL ABOARD! get your tickets early—train leaves November 15," boomed the porter. He then called on children from the various rooms in the school to buy tickets. As Junior Red Cross council representatives came forward, the ticket agent asked how money for the fare had been earned.

This gave the boys and girls in the audience some good ideas as to how *they* could earn money for the Junior Red Cross service fund. The council members then took their places on the stage as if they had boarded the streamliner.

The porter announced again that the train would leave November 15, and as the stage curtain went down, the group made sound effects of a train pulling out of the station.

SWEATER BOYS, as well as sweater girls, are to be found in the Junior Red Cross of the Fairmont School, Jefferson County Chapter, Birmingham, Alabama. Here boys have just as much fun as the girls knitting beanies, sweaters, and afghans.

Last year the entire school made 60 beanies, 14 sweaters, and 3 afghans—an all-time high record, thanks to the efforts of the "knit one, purl one" boys. One afghan was made for a

Sweater Boys

veterans hospital and two for the Crippled Children's Clinic.

Knitting is only one of the Junior Red Cross activities carried on in the Fairmont School, for the members there believe in an all-round program.

▼ "Sweater boys" at Fairmont School, Birmingham, Alabama, knit for Junior Red Cross.

ALOIA STUDIO, BIRMINGHAM





Story for Donkeys

Martha Ward Dudley

Pictures by Margaret Waring Buck

"I won't," thought the donkey, "but I would if I were a horse." And he stood by the fence and wouldn't budge.

So the old woman went off to the woods all alone to drag in her firewood.

The next day, the little old woman climbed onto the fence and over onto the donkey's back. "Please take me up the road to visit my old friend in the hills," she said.

But the donkey didn't budge. "I won't because I don't want to. I wish I were a horse." And the little old woman had to climb back down again. Then she walked all by herself over the hills to visit her friend.

The very next morning, right after breakfast, the old woman put on her bonnet, took out her purse, and said to the donkey, "You are no help to me and you're very bad company. I shall take you to market this morning and sell you. So come along." And she buckled a strap around his neck and gave it a little pull.

"I won't go to market," thought the donkey, and he stood stock-still.

"Then I shall build a small fire under you to make you go," said the little old woman, and she began to pick up a few sticks of kindling.

So the donkey started and the little old woman pulled him along with the strap.

ONCE upon a time there was a little old woman who wanted a horse to help her do her work and keep her company. But there was no horse to buy on the day she went to market, so she bought a donkey instead.

"Please help me pull this wagon to the orchard to get a load of apples," said the little old woman to her donkey on the first morning.

"I won't," thought the donkey. "What that little old woman really wants is a horse. And I'm only a donkey." And he stood by the fence and wouldn't budge an inch.

So the old woman went off, hauling the cart herself to fetch the apples.

The next day the little old woman said to her donkey, "Please come to the woods with me and help me drag some branches back for kindling."

Now the donkey hated to leave the old woman's yard, all yellow with his breakfast buttercups, so he slowed down and looked back.

"Come on," said the little old woman. "I want to sell you as soon as I can. Come along, now."

"I won't," thought the donkey. But he *did*, for a wonder!

And suddenly his two long ears began to shrink until they were just about the size of a horses' ears.

But the little old woman didn't see that, because she was walking ahead.

Soon they came to a wooden bridge across a small stream. The donkey looked at the clear water and the fresh green cress along the edge. He remembered all the pleasant cool drinks he had had out of it. So he slowed down and put his nose in the water.

"Come along there," called the little old woman over her shoulder. "You can get a drink from the trough at the market place. Walk up now."

"I don't really want to," thought the donkey. But he *did*, anyway!

And suddenly the short hair on his donkey's tail grew long and black and shiny, just like that of a horse.

But the little old woman didn't see that, because she was pulling him along.

After a while, their road went through some woods, and the branches on either side reached out delicious new leaves that were the donkey's favorite kind. He slowed down to have a few nibbles.

"There's no time to stop and eat now," said the little old woman. "Come along with you!" And she gave a yank on the strap.

"I'd much rather not," thought the donkey, "but I guess I will." And he did!

At that the donkey's back grew wider and his short legs grew longer.

They went to the stall where people sold donkeys. "I want to sell my donkey," said the little old woman.

"Where is it?" asked the man who bought donkeys.

"Right here," said the little old woman, and she turned around to show him the donkey she had led to market.

And, bless your soul, there wasn't a donkey there at all! The old woman's donkey had changed into a nice, big horse! And the horse neighed and looked at the little old woman with friendly eyes.

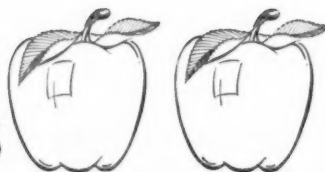
"Good day to you," said the little old woman. "And will you be so kind as to help me up onto the back of my horse?"

"Good day to you," said the man who bought donkeys, and he helped her up onto her horse's back.

So the little old woman rode back home on her horse. And they worked happily together and kept each other company the rest of their days.



Topics for Teachers



RADIO HELPS

FOR RADIO SCRIPTS, suitable for use in the elementary school, write to:

Radio and Script Exchange,
U. S. Office of Education, Federal
Security Agency, Washington,
D. C.

AMERICAN EDUCATION WEEK

THE GENERAL THEME of American Education Week, November 9 to 15, is "The Schools are Yours." For a special packet of materials giving suggestions for observing this week in your school and community, write to the National Education Association, Washington 6, D. C. Price of the packet is 50 cents.

TRAFFIC SAFETY MATERIAL

NEW AMERICAN Red Cross material on traffic safety for elementary-school children includes the following *Suggested Outlines for Guidance of Teachers in Presenting Safety Instruction*:

For grades 1-2-3: *A-Walking We Will Go* and *Using Sidewalk Vehicles*.

For grades 4-5-6: *Community*

Poster for Book Week



Helpers—Traffic Safety and You and Your Bicycle.

These outlines as well as others on various safety topics may be obtained through your local chapter.

For additional helps:

Are you acquainted with *Safety Education*, monthly publication of the National Safety Council, Chicago, Illinois, which contains tips for teachers, topics for study, informational and art material for children and teachers?

Do you know about the helps available from the National Commission on Safety Education of the National Education Association, Washington 6, D. C.? Send for a free list of safety materials on the elementary-school level. These materials are aids for teachers, not for students.

TIP FOR YOUNG ARTISTS

When small children draw facsimiles of the American Red Cross (a favorite selection for art work among young Junior members) they often find difficulty in designing the cross according to true proportions. Demonstrate to these pupils that the American Red Cross is made up of five squares of equal size, thus—



Smaller children will find it helpful to practice drawing and cutting the cross from one-inch squares.

HOW TO BUILD A UNIT OF WORK

Teachers will find *How to Build a Unit of Work* (Bulletin 1946, No. 5, Federal Security Agency, U. S. Office of Education, Washington, D. C.) a valuable resource in planning work for the school year. Junior Red Cross programs built on such sound plan-

ning will gain much in educational value. This pamphlet may be obtained from the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., for 15 cents.

CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK

The 28th national observance of Children's Book Week will be celebrated this year in the week of November 16-22. The slogan around which libraries, schools, and civic organizations will plan their programs is "Books for the World of Tomorrow."

This year's poster (pictured on this page) was designed by the noted illustrators of children's books, Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire.

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Association for Childhood Education, Washington 6, D. C., announces a 1947 revision of *Bibliography of Books for Children*, 117 pages, price 75 cents. Teachers will welcome this authoritative listing of the tried-and-true of the old, and the best of the new books.

NUTRITION EDUCATION

"Nutrition Education—A Challenge to Educators" is the title of an article by Clara Mae Taylor, which appeared in the May 1947 issue of *Teachers College Record*, published by Columbia University, New York City.

The article presents a convincing argument for nutrition education in the schools, and outlines problems involved and ways in which the instructor can prepare herself to teach nutrition. The article contains grade-by-grade suggestions for nutrition instruction in the elementary schools.

—Elizabeth W. Robinson

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 20

Across	Down
1. Cabbage	2. Apple
3. Peach	4. Carrot
5. Raisin	6. Pepper
6. Potato	7. Tomato
8. Orange	9. Banana
10. Spinach	



AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTO BY KRAKOW

SAILING VESSEL—When the above picture was taken of the sailing ship, the "Pommern," it was lying at anchor, frozen in the ice, in Marieham, Aland Islands, Finland. The "Pommern" is one of the last of the huge sailing vessels of its type. These vessels ply between England and Australia, carrying grain. The trips average four months.

The Sailing Vessel

Now she lies nested in the blue-white ice
while winter winds go whipping past her prow
and cry through frozen rigging. Now she
sleeps while northern stars go swinging slowly
through

her yardarms, perch like bright birds on her four
tall masts that long have veered to tropic gales.
Snug ashore her seamen sleep and dream
of all the winds that have swelled her snowy sails.

But with the spring, she'll hoist those sails again
and take the froth of beauty on her knees.
Her great white wings against the southern skies,
she'll fly majestically down emerald seas!

—Frances Frost

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

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ELIZABETH W. ROBINSON.....Contributing Editors

The American Junior Red Cross is the
American Red Cross in the schools

Next month in the NEWS

- The December NEWS is our very special Christmas issue.
- How children in other lands keep Christmas will be told in story, in pictures, and in poems.
- From Sweden has come an article written just for the News about the Laplanders, which tells about the people who are pictured on the beautiful cover by Olle Nordmark.
- The Irish Junior Red Cross and the author have given us permission to reprint an unusual poem, "The Shepherd Boy."
- Stories and pictures will be found about the Netherlands, Alaska, Poland, Austria, and other countries besides our own United States.



POLAND

"Dziekuje"



AUSTRIA

"Danke schön"



GREECE

ΕΥΧΑΡΙΣΤΟΥΜΕΙ

Thank you!

FROM OVERSEAS

On this page are shown photographs of some of your friends in other lands who want to say *Thank You* to you for the gifts they found in the boxes sent to them by the American Junior Red Cross.

Soap and washcloths, balls and other toys, handkerchiefs and hair ribbons—all these gifts and others, too, bring smiles of happiness from thankful boys and girls all around the world.

In reply you will be saying:
You're Welcome



KOREA

고맙습니다



CHINA

謝謝



GERMANY

"Danke schön"



FINLAND

"Kiitosta!"



HOLLAND

"Dank u"

